THE
AERONAUT.

No. 142 Wednesday, Dec. 31. 1817

Truditur dies die,
  Novæque pergunt interire lunæ.
HOR. l.i. od. 18.

——— Day yields to day,
And moons but flourish to decay.

To the Authors of the Aeronaut.

"Degenerate as the present age is, I trust that the voice of experience has not altogether lost its effect. I must believe that the dying advice of one who has seen much, and passed through many scenes, may still have some influence upon those who listen to its counsels.

"In a few short hours, I shall be no more. The destined period of my existence is soon to close. The voice of ages long since gone to the years beyond the flood calls me away forever. My memory may remain in the annals of mankind, but no eye can discover my retreat, or recall me to being. My reign has been short & fleeting; and he who now rises in all the bloom of youth, in all the glow of expectation, must reign as short, & sink as low as myself.

"Were I to recount the scenes I have witnessed, both of wisdom and of folly, of virtue and of vice, of grandeur and of degradation, I might fill volumes with the narration, and leave the account untold. I have beheld peace extending her benign dominion over all the earth; the nations gladdening in her ray, and rejoicing in her influence. I have seen that peace, which passeth all understanding, the blessed tidings of the gospel, spreading more and more over mankind; the wilderness and the waste have blossomed like the rose, and beauty, and light, and lustre, have arisen to disperse the darkness of pagan idolatry and superstition. I have seen learning, and art, and science, the energies of action, and the faculties of mind, increasing in rapid proportion, wherever man has erected his palaces, or reared his desolate hut. Commerce has driven her hundred sails; and the winds of heaven have been joyous and prosperous. Seldom has the tempest wrecked the anxious mariner, or frustrated the hopes of the husbandman. All has been happy, and all resplendent.

"Such have been a few of the blessings which my far-pervading eye has beheld. But again have I looked, and seen the seeds of discord rankling in every soul. Where all around was fair, the heart of man was dark. He murmured against the dispensations of a righteous providence; he rebelled against the distributions of that Hand which erreth not. — But, you may rejoin, this is no new thing; man remains the same discontented, depraved, and ungrateful being, sapping the foundations of his happineſs by his own ungoverned paſsions. But say, when heaven in mercy showers down an increase of bleſsings; when the face of external things wears a happier aspect; shall these favors require no augmentation of gratitude, no return of praise? — Shall the hand that dispenses them be blest the leſs because more is given? Shall the heart that receives become hardened the more, as greater mercies flow? —

"Death has indeed made ravages beneath my observation. To cloud in some degree the refulgence of the period, pestilence has been permitted to triumph in his noon-day march.* Yet even this has been curbed; and if it *has* been experienced; if, where its progreſs was not felt, death in other shapes has spread his desolations; — if friends who were dear, companions who were loved, have been cut down; if hopes have been blasted, if grief has seized the heart; — shall men therefore impeach HIS government who directed it all, forgetting that there is mercy in every cup of woe? —

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* Alluding to the ravages of the yellow fever on the Southern coasts of the U.S. during the summer & fall of 1817. — *Ed. Aer.*

"Inhabitant of the dust, awake! awake from thy slumbers! Heir of immortality, arise to a sense of the importance of thine undying soul! Seize fast the proffered good, ere yet it be too late; go not down to the tomb, like many whom I have beheld, dark and despairing. I may hereafter be a dreadful witness to convict thee of neglected opportunities, and slighted mercies. What I have seen thee do, can never be recalled; awake then, & haste to that fountain whose waters can cleanse thee from every stain, and thy soul from every pollution. — Pause; consider, where art thou? — where are we both? — On the brink of an eternity, to which I hasten with delight; — canst thou say so too? —

"Farewel! farewel for ever! Individuals, nations, empires, the world, farewel for ever! The lamp which illumined the sun that warmed you, must be seen no more again. This very night we sweep our rapid course, far, far beyond the thought or the conception of man's bounded capacity. Even now the music of the spheres is hymning the new monarch to his dominion. The wheels of his chariot are sounding on mine ears. Time and Death attend his progress and pave the way for his advance. May you rejoice in his refulgence! May his reign be more happy and more glorious than was mine!

"Finally, farewel, YOU, through whose medium I make my appeal. May your adventurous bark ride on, undisturbed by the tempests that surround your course. Oh! that my wish could give energy to your arm, and vigor to your heart! I can only sigh out my long, my last adieu, hoping that you may long have reason to recall to the fondest recollections of memory. the scenes and the employments of

"EIGHTEEN-HUNDRED & SEVENTEEN."

For the Aeronaut.

FAREWEL TO THE YEAR.

High in yon mystic vault sublime,
The swift-wing'd Pyroentes climb,
Departing child of hurrying time,
We bid farewell, farewell!
The sloping axles of their car
Bear thy last waning hours afar,
And Evening light her solemn star,
To say farewell, farewell!

2

While musing wisdom scans each age
Enshrined in Story's hallow'd page,
Since first upon their pilgrimage
The Eoan coursers sprung;
While History in thy vanish'd days
Her glowing moral deep portrays
And poets for their deathless lays
Find loftiest themes unsung.

3

I linger by thy wintry grave,
And from oblivion's sullen wave
Thy melancholy lesson crave
As there I sigh farewell;
Spirits of hours forever fled,
Are yet ye slumbering with the dead,
Here from your consecrated bed,
Your awful lesson tell!

4

Tell from what aching hearts forlorn,
The penitential vow was borne
On pinions of your opening morn;—
—How soon forgotten, tell,
And say what bitter tears,
O'er the long void of wasted years,
That no bright consciousness endears
Weep o'er their sad farewell.

5

Tell how that spirit that mocks severe
Poor folly's pampered treasurer!
To-Morrow, sported with the year
Enchained within his spell,
What blighted hopes, what blasted fame,
What wild and fevered anguish came,
To curse the demon's withering name
As that year spoke farewell!

O tell how your avenging arms,
When conscience ceas'd her vain alarms,
Link'd by indissoluble charms,
The talisman of Hell.
The chains unconquer'd habit wove,
When Heaven Ambition, Friendship, Love
To burst their fetters vainly strove
And sigh'd a long farewell!

7

Proclaim the havoc death hath done,
Beheld by kindred eyes alone
What scenes unnoted and unknown
The spoiler's triumph swell;
While buoyant still, the thoughtless crowd
Float on as gay, as wild, as loud,
As if the glories of the proud
Should never say farewell!

8

Give Fame's high son, a humble heart;
To Wisdom, modesty impart;
To Disappointment's rankling smart,
A cheerful lesson tell;
To Pride, teach charity; to Health
The progress of time's subtle stealth,
Proclaim its vanity to wealth,
Ere yet thou say'st farewell.

9.

As thou eternity shalt seek,
Thy chariot wheels let childhood deck
While yet the roses on its cheek
  Its innocence can tell;
Its woe or weal are yet to come,
And who shall antedate its doom?
I only view thee in thy gloom,
  And sigh a long farewell!

E P S.